The Bystander, March 23, 1921. No. 903. Vol. LXIX.

The BYSTANDER

BY FRED BUCHANAN

A SPECIE-OUS ARGUMENT

"Vell, if you let me make der money out of you first, perhaps I can pay you a leetle of it back—yes, no?"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540). 2.30 and 7.45.
NEW RUSSIAN BALALAIKA ORCHESTRA, TOGAN & GENEVA, BEATIE & BABS, BILLY LEONARD, SQUIRE, FAIRNEY & JONES, MALCOLM SCOTT, HANLON BROS., Etc.

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2.30 6.0 8.45
Programme commencing Monday, March 21.
BILLY MERSON, HARRY WELDON, BETTINO CAPPELLI, G. H. ELLIOTT, LADDIE CLIFF, MIKE S. WHALLEN, LUCILLE BENSTEAD, WEE THREE, THE NELSONS, Varieties.

ADELPHI. Nightly 8. Mats. Wed., Sat. and Easter Mon. at 2.
"THE NAUGHTY PRINCESS."
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in "THE NINTH EARL."
EVERY EVENING at 8.30.
MATINÉES, THURS. SAT. and EASTER MONDAY, at 2.30.

COURT. SAT. NEXT, 2.15 and 8.15 and NIGHTLY at 8.15.
J. B. FAGAN'S Production
Shakespeare's KING HENRY IV.
MATINÉES, WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY, at 2.15. (Ger. 848).

DALY'S. (Ger. 201) "SYBIL"
JOSÉ COLLINS and Full Cast.
Every Evening at 8. Mats., Tues., Sat., March 24 and 28, at 2.15.
Extras, Thurs., April 7, 14, 21, 28. May 5 and 12, at 2.15.

GLOBE. (Ger. 8722). MARIE LÖHR
in "HER HUSBAND'S WIFE."
Nightly at 9. Mats., Wed., Sat., March 28 and 31, at 3.
Preceded at 8.30 (Mats. 2.30) by Thornley-Dodge.

LYRIC. Ger. 3687. "A LITTLE DUTCH GIRL."
MAGGIE TEYTE, Cecily Debenham, Lauri de Frece, Jack Hulbert.
EVERY EVENING at 8.
MATINÉES, WEDS., SATS. and EASTER MONDAY, at 2.15.

NEW. MATHESON LANG in his GREAT SUCCESS
"THE WANDERING JEW."
E. Temple Thurston's Wonderful Play.
Sat. at 2.30, and Nightly at 8.15. Mats., Wed., Sat. and Easter Mon., at 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S. (Ger. 3903). "POLLY WITH A PAST."
Every Evening at 8.15.
EDNA BEST, DONALD CALTHROP.
Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday and Easter Monday, at 2.30.

STRAND. (Ger. 3830). "A SAFETY MATCH."
By IAN HAY.
KYRLE BELLEW.
Nightly at 8. Matinées, Thurs., Sat. and Easter Monday, at 2.30.

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During the last year or two Milanese underwear has reached an almost prohibitive price, partly owing to the fact that nearly all of the Milanese underwear sold in this country came from the United States, and apart from the high prices charged there was a considerable loss owing to the adverse exchange. The Milanese garments illustrated here are all made in this country from high grade reliable silk Milanese manufactured in England, which is confidently recommended for its excellent wear and washing qualities.

SILK MILANESE NIGHTDRESS (as sketch) trimmed dainty embroidery, Empire shape, finished ribbon at waist. In white, pink, mauve, sky, lemon, and black.
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SILK MILANESE KNICKERS to match, **29/6**
SILK MILANESE VEST to match, **21/9**
SILK MILANESE CAMI-KNICKERS, **39/6**

Debenham & Freebody
Wigmore Street, London, W.

The Navy wants an Easter egg, This Judge deserves one, too, We've fed on chicken meal for weeks— And laid this egg for you.

By Victor Hicks

The "Four Button" Mystery

When did our tailors first begin to put four buttons on the cuffs of our coat and jacket sleeves? It may not be a very important matter, but all history, even that of mere man's coat sleeves, is interesting. What made me think of it was this. I was looking the other day at Edwin A. Ward's fine and very interesting portrait of Lord Randolph Churchill which hangs in the Reform Club—one might have thought its natural home had been the Carlton, but that by the way. The picture shows Lord Randolph seated at his desk writing with a quill pen.

The Man Who Forgot Goschen

For a while I considered only the fine, thoughtful, statesmanlike head and face; the capable, brainy forehead; the eyes, into or around which, though cast down on the writing, the artist has put so much strength and meaning, and the good nose—the mouth is hidden by the heavy, drooping moustache. The portrait made me think of the brilliant statesman of one's boyhood. To-day, people only seem to think of him as he was in his last sad days; of his frank confession in a theatre, when already a Cabinet Minister, that he had never before seen a play of Shakespeare and had never read one; or of his exclamation against those "d—d dots," when, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he thus lightly spoke of the dignified decimal point; or as the man who "forgot Goschen."

A Sartorial Sideslip

Then I began to look at the details of the portrait—the ornate chair in which Lord Randolph is sitting, the monumental inkstand on his desk, the reflections of Lady Randolph and the artist in a mirror in the background. And I noticed that on his cuff there were four buttons. I am not, and never have been, a sartorial expert, but I would have sworn that no cuff ever sported four buttons at the date this portrait must have been painted. There is no date on the portrait, but a few nights later I saw the painter, Mr. Edwin Ward, and asked him when it was done and told him why I wanted to know. He could tell me nothing about the buttons, but was sure that if he had painted them they were there.

"Winston" at Thirteen

"As for the date," he said, "I do not remember the exact year. But Winston was just thirteen, as he let me know one morning when he came in as I was working on the chair you speak of, which was presented to Lord Randolph by his constituents in Manchester. 'Why are you painting this portrait, Mr. Ward?' Winston asked me. 'I'm sure father doesn't want one—and I haven't got a pony, and I want one very much.'" I do not know how long ago it is since the Right Hon. Winston Churchill, Air and Colonial Minister, was thirteen, and wanted a pony which he hadn't got, and where I am I cannot find out, but I feel sure it was before men generally wore four buttons on their cuffs.

EASTER, 1921 By MacMichael

ON THE WRONG LAY—THE "DE VALERA" VULTURE

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Lord Randolph may have another claim to fame which the historians have missed. This seems a lot about a few useless buttons, but it is holiday season.

Junkers Still!

THERE is no doubt that the Germans have not yet learned the lesson of the War, judging from a speech by Sir Harry Brittain at a meeting of the British Association of International Journalists. With the exception of "Little Willie" most of the other German princes are still very much in evidence in Potsdam, and the son of the ex-Crown Prince is openly spoken of as the Kaiser's successor. The mere fact of having got rid of the Kaiser has, in Germany's mind, washed away all her past sins and she is again quite openly looking forward to being "the greatest nation" with all the "Uber Alles" tags.

Taxation in Germany

ONE only has to stay a few days in Berlin to realise the flimsiness of the bluff that is being put up over the payment of the indemnity. Very many necessaries are still extraordinarily cheap compared with the same articles over here. Railway travelling alone could carry an enormously increased taxation and still be well below what the wretched winners of the War have to pay for it.

The Incorrigible Huns

IN spite of a visit to London and mixing with decent people in the Strand and elsewhere, Dr. Simons is, as I fear all Germans are, incorrigible. He laments in the Reichstag, "We are bound hand and foot by the Versailles Treaty and we cannot break those bonds." That sounds as if he has become a little more civilised than Bethman Hollweg, who spoke so frankly of a Treaty as "a scrap of paper." But he is really just where Bethman was as far as civilisation goes, for he added, that "to be able to say the Treaty no longer holds good for us, one must have might behind one." The only difference between them is that Bethman thought he had the necessary might behind him. Dr. Simons seems to realise that he has not. That, at any rate, is something to the good.

The Right Attitude

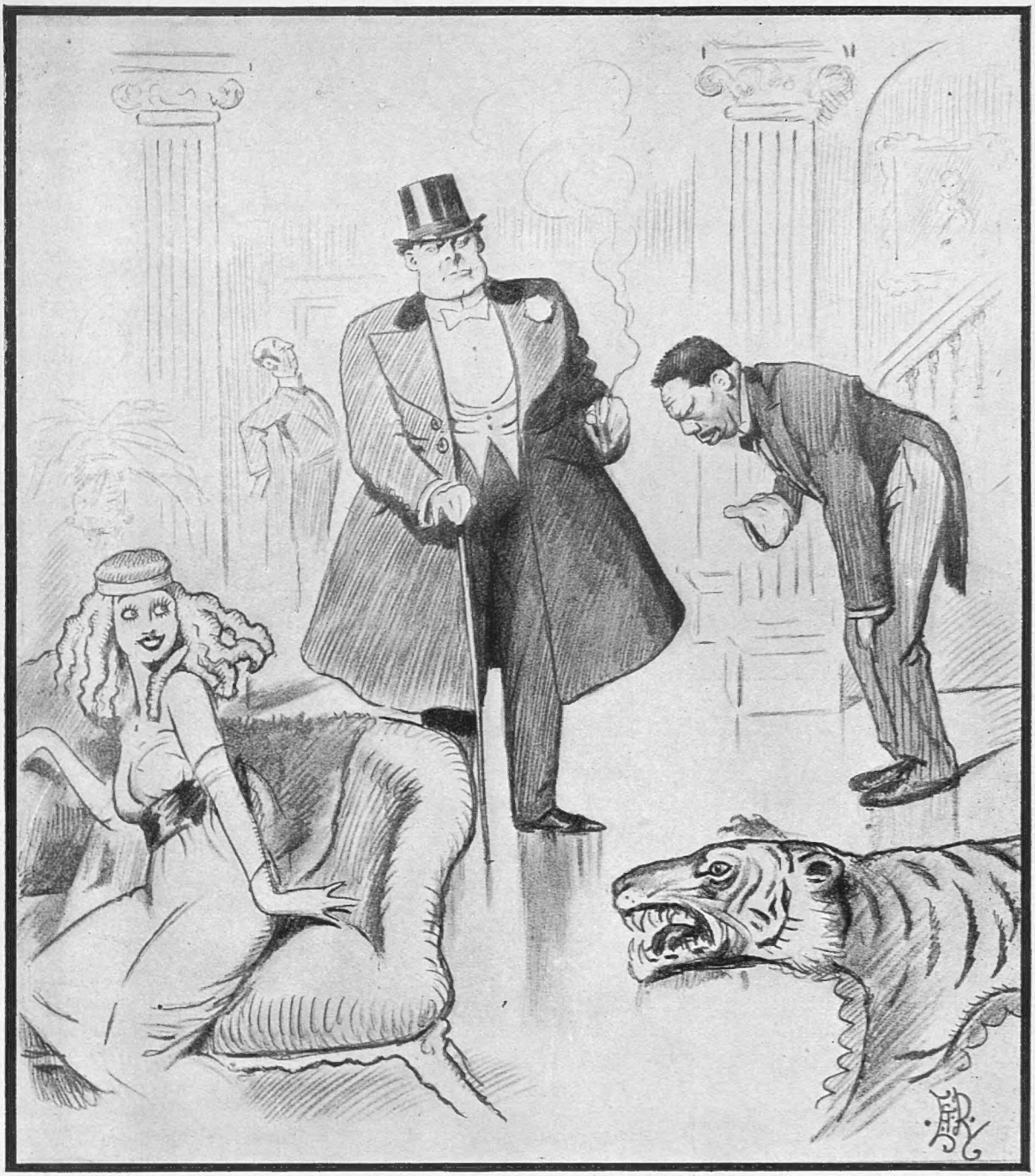
BY the way, there is one rather interesting little thing in connection with the visit of the German delegates to London, which I have not seen mentioned in print. When their train arrived at the London terminus, the porters refused to handle their luggage. Higher authorities insisted upon it being done, and it was done, but not by all the porters who would ordinarily have been busy on the job. Something of the same kind happened when they arrived at their hotel. I do not know what happened when they landed from their boat, but the photographs showed them all very heavily laden—as they were at the stations and on entering the hotel. Newspapermen may have passed over the fact with the idea that it may have seemed discourteous to people who, after all, were the country's guests. But who shall blame porters for jibbing at serving people at whose hands probably every man of them has suffered both in their own persons and in the loss of kith and kin? Two of the recalcitrants I know had left an arm apiece in France. For my own part, I should hate to have to carry a Hun's bag for him.

DRASTIC MEASURES By W. E. WIGFULL

BRITANNIA: "It's not what I've been accustomed to, but I suppose it's all I can afford nowadays!"

Easter Holidays

WITH the approach of Easter, the discussion as to the desirability of making this festival a fixed date has been this year rather more keen than usual. I have not thought much about it myself. The weather is the great thing on a public holiday, and you cannot fix that, so it really does not much matter. And so I expressed myself to a friend. But he had other views. He is the father of a couple of boys at a big preparatory school, and had just received a notice telling him that the school would close on March 24 for the "Easter Recess" and re-open on March 30, whilst the "Spring Holidays" were to begin on April 12th and finish on May 4th. This father was decidedly of the opinion that an early Easter was an expensive nuisance. He



THINGS WE LOATHE ON THE FILMS

By E. T. Reed

The hero of advanced middle age and dilated nostrils, with the physique of a weight-lifter, who never removes his hat and other "impedimenta" until he's in the drawing-room (U.S.A. heroes *don't*, apparently). We may incidentally mention that ringletted "Vamps," furtive Japanese men-servants, and tiger-skin rugs have long ago ceased to arouse in us any emotion whatever! (And why does *every* private house resemble the *Louvre* or the *Vatican*?)

thought that as they were only separated by twelve days the "Easter Recess" and the spring holidays might be run into one, the latter, and save travelling and other expenses. But, of course, Easter is Easter, and there you are. I was forced to admit that he seemed to have some ground for his views. But I bade him take comfort in the fact that hens have celebrated this Easter with a magnificent cheapening of their Easter eggs. Not so the confectioners.

The Great Gamble

THERE was something in the old-fashioned way of linking up "sporting and dramatic," for playgoing, like horse-racing, is a great gamble. Perhaps that is why it is so fascinating, for, as Shaw says, "You never can tell." Clemence Dane's striking play, *A Bill of Divorcement*, at the St. Martin's, is a case in point. Most first-nighters, remembering the high intent of her *Regiment of Women* and surveying the title of the play with its prefatory note about the Majority Report of the Divorce Commission, thought it was to be a piece of propaganda just as Brieux gives us. One paper actually sent its man away to Everyman's Theatre, and some did not stay till the end. Imagine the surprise of those who came (and remained to the end) to find a tense, interesting human play, which made such a veteran as A. B. W. drop a tear. But many dud nights are pardoned by one good 'un.

Photograph] THE PRINCE'S GLASGOW VISIT *[Lafayette*

A luncheon party at Lord and Lady Blythswood's house, where the Prince stayed during his Glasgow visit. The group includes: H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Lord Blythswood, Lady Blythswood, the Hon. Olive Campbell, Miss Meeking, Miss Speir, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Coats, Sir Lionel Halsey, Lieut. Llewellyn (Welsh Guards), and Lord Glentanar

Who, When and Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Royal Visit to Knowsley

IF it were possible to make a record of the Royal visits paid to one family I think the Derby family would head the list. With the exception of the first three Georges, who had not the pleasant habit of honouring their subjects indulged in by their predecessors and successors, one is not very far out in saying that practically every English Sovereign—either as monarch or heir to the throne—has been a guest of the Stanley family since the time of Henry the Seventh.

Queen Elizabeth and King James the First were the most inveterate of visitors amongst their subjects. In fact, they remained unequalled until King Edward the Seventh, who, both as Sovereign and Prince of Wales, was an assiduous visitor.

This visiting of subjects by the King and Queen is entirely an English custom. The German idea of sovereignty made such "condescension" impossible, and the ex-Kaiser was the first Prussian monarch ever to stay in a non-Royal house, and he did so in imitation of his English relations, but he was never accompanied by the Empress. The present King and Queen of Italy have never spent a single night beneath the roof of a subject.

LIEUT.-COMMANDER C. D. BURNEY, R.N.

The inventor of the paravane, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after his marriage to Miss Gladys High, of Chicago

The visit of the King and Queen to Knowsley makes history. It is the first time a Queen of England has been present at the Grand National, and I believe, too, it is the first time for three hundred years that the King and Queen of England and the Prince of Wales have visited a nobleman at one and the same time.

Further, the Royal visit to Knowsley is one of those happy instances of tact and of the understanding of the situation, of which we had recent proof in the Prince of Wales's visit to the Clyde.

A Story of the Prince

I HEARD a charming story of the Prince of Wales the other day which I can tell you without any breach of confidence. The Prince and the Duke of York were lunching with some old friends of the Royal family who live in a village thirty or forty miles from London.

The brothers arrived late, and in making their excuses to their hostess the Prince explained they had been delayed, first by a breakdown, and then in the village itself

by a number of girls, who had practically forced his driver to stop the car and then had swarmed all round it, begging him to write his name in their albums. He had refused, and seemed rather put out.

"It is entirely my fault, sir," said the hostess. "I told the village people you were coming, because I knew they would love to see you and pay you their duty, but it never occurred to me for one moment that you would be annoyed and held up in this way."

During the earlier part of lunch the Prince seemed to be *distrait*, and the hostess thought he was angry about the village incident. Suddenly he turned to her and said:

"Would you do something for me?"

"You know, Sir, I would do anything I possibly could. What can I do?"

"I feel uncomfortable about not having signed those albums. Those girls must think me very rude and unkind. But we were late already—and I didn't expect it. Could you possibly send someone down to the village to collect those albums so that I can write my name in them?"

A servant was despatched to the village, the albums were collected, and the Prince wrote his name in every one of them!

Does the secret of our Prince's popularity lie in this intuitive understanding of other people's feelings? I rather think it is part of the secret.

Photograph *Central News*

THE GUARDS' POINT-TO-POINT

In which the Prince finished sixth. Above is Lord Hillingdon's party (left to right): Colonel Grant, Mr. de Trafford, Lord Stanley, Lady Hillingdon, Lady Worsley, Lady Stanley, and Miss Audrey James

Photograph *Central News*

THE DUKE OF YORK

Watching the Guards' Point-to-Point at Helmdon, Northamptonshire

Bachelor Rule

THE absence of a mistress at the French Embassy for so many years has had a disastrous effect on some of the furniture, hangings, etc., and the new Ambassadress, the Comtesse de St. Aulaire, finds a great many "renewals and replacements" are necessary before entertaining can be undertaken. French servants are not experienced in coping with London dust and dirt, nor do they understand their cumulative effect, consequently many rooms at the Embassy in Albert Gate, which would have been smothered in dust-cloths if the servants had been English, have remained uncovered-up during the years they stood empty under M. Cambon's bachelor rule. Every male and female with any knowledge of housekeeping in London will realise what this means.

Photograph *G. P. U.*

LORD DALKEITH

Setting off for the start of the race at Helmdon. With him is his fiancée, Miss Lascelles

Photograph *Central News*

WATCHING THE RACE

Lord and Lady Seymour at the Guards' Point-to-Point

On the Riviera.

THERE is a thrill almost indescribable when the sportsman (?) aims and achieves that last pigeon. The bull fight of Christian Spain gives one at its most intense moment nothing to compare with it. In a sensation-seeking world, it is the sense supreme—*vertige!* It is the reason why costly ladies and nervous *roués* witness these well-devised tortures at Monte Carlo: they are, however, only representative of the sheerest cruelty and once and for all let THE BYSTANDER say that sport generally, and Monte Carlo in particular, would be sweeter, and more delightful, without the pigeon shooting. THE BYSTANDER stands for the majority, and such is the opinion expressed everywhere here of the people who count.

SOME say that it is Peace the world needs: others, food. On the Riviera new celebrity is much wanted. It is the old story along the coast, the same faces with the old reputations—nothing added except wrinkles. Lady Diana Cooper and Suzanne Lenglen are all right—but isn't their prominence beginning to make them like popular books in lending libraries? besides, books can be occasionally shelved. Anyway, there's money for the enterprise which furnishes fresh celebrity to fashionable resorts—and a fortune anywhere for the man who supplies new faces.

Photographs *Topical Press*

MRS. AMBROSE DUDLEY

Countess Curzon's sister, in a charmingly simple costume with a smart white waistcoat effect. The panama hat is very suitable for the present Riviera weather of continual blazing sun

CANNES is the one place in Europe where the morganatic and exiled can assert a kind of precedence, and while this is done with assurance there, it is not achieved with that success which adds either brilliance or gaiety to the resort, but gives rather a note of sadness, almost of tragedy, to the over-dressed, dubiously exciting gatherings at the clubs and casino. The whole thing is so undefined that correct entertaining is greatly handicapped.

LAWN TENNIS AT BEAULIEU

Sir Edward Naylor Leyland talking to Miss Hamar Greenwood before a set

THE Horse Show at Cannes has brought out the best outdoor raiment of the season. English women specially look their homeliest in tweeds and Russian leather. They are always theatrical in evening array, but always ladies at sport as their menkind are gentlemen in war. Frenchwomen have competed conspicuously in this show—the Comtesse de Toulouse-Lautree, Comtesse de Portales among others. Nor was it all pretty, for Lady Yale gave 3,000frs. in prizes for the best draught horses. Women are delightfully to the fore in sport just now, and no promised event excites more anticipation than the Women's Athletic Meeting which was recently held at Monte Carlo. Britain, Italy, Switzerland, and Scandinavia are all to be represented. Lenglen supreme, as usual, in the Monte Carlo finals. In the match with Kingscote against Lowe and Miss Ryan she had a tough battle, but won.

LORD CHAPLIN

With Miss Edwina Ashley. The Riviera is still very full, in spite of the approaching London "season"

BEFORE leaving for Leghorn the officers of the Téméraire had a gala night at the Bristol, Beaulieu. General Sir Ivor and Lady Phillips were the hosts. Among the guests were Mrs. Cunningham, of Craigenda, Commander Learmouth, Miss Pearson, and Miss Trehern-Thomas.

CULTURE still consorts at Cap Ferrat. How delightful to see the Coopers wandering in the groves there, far, far from Bloomsbury. Journalism is represented by Mr. and Mrs. Blumenfeld and the drama by Mrs. Bradley, the famous producer of *The Storm*, while dance is there in the person of Maurice, convalescent, but still agile, with his pretty nurse as partner.

The Enthusiasts

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

THE LAST LITTLE BIT OF WINTER SPORT IN SWITZERLAND ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING

EXIT ERIC

A Gilbert and Sullivan Opera on strictly railway lines

BY W. HODGSON BURNET

THE Great Western Railway (London) Operatic Society are giving performances of *H.M.S. Pinafore*, at the Park Theatre, Hanwell, on March 30 and the three following nights. A special matinée in aid of Earl Haig's Warriors' Day Fund will be given on April 2. Artists and orchestra are drawn from members of the G.W.R. Staff.

Why *Pinafore?* Why not something more appropriate, like this?

SCENE.—*Departure platform at Paddington. Porters discovered handling the luggage for the Riviera Express. Guards, Ticket-Collectors, etc., chivying passengers.*

CHORUS

We run the Iron Road,
And the Cornish train's a beauty,
And the luggage vans we load
For it is, you see, our duty.
When the guard's whistle blows and away she goes
We stand by the carriage door,
And whatever you give it helps us to live,
Though we always expect much more!

[*Enter* LITTLE PASSENGER *with large portmanteau and wheeling bicycle*]

RECITATIVE

Hail, gallant railwaymen—this is a jolly day,
I'm off upon (I think) a well-earned holiday.
(*To porter*) I'm much obliged—you'll see, then, to the bike?
(*Aside*) It's quite a treat to see them not on strike.

ARIA

I'm only a passenger, poor little passenger,
Quite unassuming and shy.
I'm merely a passenger, good little passenger,
Only a passenger I.
I've paid for a season, sums out of all reason,
I show it six times every day,
I work for my living, so please be forgiving
If huge tips I can't give away.

You show no compunction when out at the junction
I race for the six-fifty-three.
If I miss my connection, and sit in dejection,
You're not a bit sorry for me.
For I'm only a passenger—poor little passenger,
Helping to earn you your screw,
But what's a mere passenger—everyday passenger,
A passenger's nothing to you!

PORTER: A poor passenger, are you? Aye that you are, and there are hundreds of other miserable creatures as like you as two peas that tumble out at Paddington every day.

PASS.: Like hundreds of others, am I? Miserable creature, am I? Maybe, but hark ye, my surly friend, hast ever thought that the 9.5 fast may eject on yonder platform men and women with souls as likely to be saved as your own?

PORTER (*looking puzzled*): No, sir, I can't say as I ever thought that.

[*Enter* STATIONMASTER, *followed by* IMPORTANT PERSONAGE]

SONG

I.P.: The Transport Minister I am,
ALL: And a Minister who'll go far,
I.P.: You're very, very good,
And be it understood
That I made you what you are.
ALL: We're very, very good,
And, of course, it's understood
That he made us what we are.
I.P.: I've commanded you for years,
But at last, so it appears,
They are giving me the sack,
So I've simply come to say
That I'm going right away,
And will never, never more come back.
ALL (*doubtfully*): What, never?
I.P.: No, never.
ALL (*more hopefully*): What, never?
I.P.: No, never.
ALL (*joyfully*): He'll never, never more come back!
Then give three cheers and one cheer more,
The reign of the Minister of Transport's o'er!

[*Enter* PASSENGER

RECITATIVE

PASS. (*to I. P.*): Sir, are you sad? Methinks I see a tear,
No doubt you feel unhappy, and no wonder,
You'll never be so grandiose again,
Confide in me—I'm but a passenger.

I.P.: Yes, little passenger, I'm sad and yet I'm not,
For though to leave the Railways seems a pity,
(*Whispers*): In confidence I'll tell you I have got
A ten times better paid job in the City!

ENSEMBLE

[PORTERS, GUARD, INSPECTORS, PASSENGERS]

Oh joy! Oh rapture unforeseen!
The Railway Sky is all serene,
To Jericho! To Jericho!
With grandiose Sir Eric O!
Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!
Once more we're on our own again,
Contented, happy, railwaymen,
We're decontrolled,
And as of old
We'll make the railways pay!

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—*Of course, there's a lot more than this, which is merely an outline of what might be done. This week I have not had time, but next week*——

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Next week we shall not have space.*

W. H. B.

BY FRED BUCHANAN

OUR FREE LAND

The Allies in Extended Occupation

FRENCH POILUS IN DÜSSELDORF
Crowds watch the troops assembled at the Hall of Justice

Photographs] JUDICIOUS COERCION *[Sport and General*

A squadron of the 14th Hussars on parade in one of the main streets of Düsseldorf, and above, an aeroplane passing over the assembled troops. One pauses to wonder whether, if the Huns had proved victorious, their attitude would have been as exemplary as the Allies', in, say, their occupation of London. Perhaps . . . But who was it said, "Remember Belgium!"

"The demoiselles who play the football"

The Bystander in Paris

Illustrated by Marcel Poncin.

"RENEWED YOUTH, BUT WHISKERS"

MES AMIS—

MY great fellow-citizen, Professor Voronoff, has made the flutter among the dovecotes. There has been much beating of hands and many throes of despair. The less-young ladies (for in these days they do never become old) are much disappointed with the Professor. They had so counted upon him to come to their relief. Some of them have still the faint hope that he will yet be able to triumph over the obstacle. But most of them have too much of the despondency to take the refuge in that slight consolation.

IT is that the less-young Parisiennes had watched with the joy of the elderly maiden the news of the miracles which the doctor has achieved with the men patients, and had thought that if he were able to restore to those men who had passed the *soixantaine* the youth and the friskiness of the *jeune homme* he would similarly be capable to revive the quickness of young life in the fatigued frame of worn ladies. Quite boldly were they prepared to face the ordeal of the experiment. In the skill and the talent of the Professor they have had the complete trust. But he has had to shatter for them the cherished illusion, and to tell them that that which may be good for the man may be not good for the woman.

IT is not that it is not possible to outcarry the Voronoff experiment on the more charming sex. That is not where the difficulty has arisen. It is in the consequences which come to follow upon the success of the experiment. For these consequences not the most *hardie* of Parisiennes could dare to face. It is like this. With the renewal of vitality that comes with the introduction of the monkey gland the patient may develop an outburst of the natural covering that would have caused envy even in the breast of the hirsute Esau. It would be no matter for dismay if the sudden access of such wealth were restricted to the crown of the head, for any less-young Parisienne would have the delight in the advent of once more luxurious tresses. But it is not. The new wealth of locks might alternatively, or simultaneously, take the form of a flowing beard such as has not been seen since the days of the Druids. You do not wonder that the ageing Parisienne who has sought to become again the *jeune fille* has the *cœur triste*. It would have been for her so wonderful to have lived again the joys of the early days, with all the benefits of experience to teach her how not to miss the best by the lack of *savoir vivre*. But the penalty is too extreme. It might be possible for a time to take the risk, and with the secret daily application of a safety razor conceal the evidence of the budding *barbe*. But the race would be unequal. And you must remember that the Parisienne is by the nature a brunette of the most dark. One has seen how the shaven chin of the men of Paris becomes ever more sombre until its blackness has the tinge of purple. A Parisienne with a purple chin would be worse than the lady who has been at the opera with a bare back which was ugly brown. It could not be dared. So the elderlies will have to go in sorrow until such day as the Professor is more the master of the grafting. *Qui sait?* There may arrive a day when one shall discover a hairless monkey from whom can be stolen the glands. And the Professor may be able to develop the grafting to include a shoot

"Take the form of a flowing beard. . . ."

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

"A daily application of a safety razor"

from a rose-tree, to give to the old-young lady patient's cheek the blush and bloom of the *gloire de Dijon*.

o

I HAVE thought it would have for you of the interest if I could obtain copies of the letters which Doctor Voronoff has recently received from the ladies who have wished to be *rajeunit*. But I did not succeed. I am, however, able to state on the highest authority (I have learned that way to speak from the Conference of Peace) that among the numerous communications of this character those which follow may be cited as typical:

MON CHER MAÎTRE—

I approach you in the confidence that what you have been able to make for M. ——, the well-known explorer, worn out by the travel, you will be more than able to accomplish for me, who have had no more wear than is involved in the pleasant life of our dear Paris. I have sixty-six years, but have the desires of sixteen. Particularly have I the passion for the "shimmy shake," which I am at present unable to attempt more than once at any ball because of the disturbance to my heart and to my knees; and even then I do not make it properly on account of the stiffness which you as a doctor will readily understand. If by the application of the marvellous treatment that you come to discover you can so re-infuse the force and freedom of youthful movement into my frame that I shall be able to satisfy my overpowering longings, I am prepared to pay a bill of any figure and for ever afterwards shall remain your most devoted worshipper.

Acceptez, cher maître, mes salutations les plus distinguées.

MARCELLE DUBOIS

To this, I understand, the Professor has replied that if Madame Marcelle Dubois is prepared to accept, as an accompaniment to the ability to "shimmy," the possession of a bushy beard like that of M. Tristan Bernard, a successful operation is not beyond the powers of the new science. As to any further step by Madame Dubois my informant does maintain the reticence.

o

ANOTHER letter, I understand, has been from a less-young lady who has been infatuated by the wish to emulate the *demoiselles* who play the football in the short trousers, with the bare knees and the tops of their red and blue stockings turned prettily down. She has not admitted to have more than sixty-two years, and has, indeed, added that she can pass for younger. She has asked that she may be given enough of the gland treatment to permit her to play in the practices before the real matches.

o

IN reply has been given much the similar advice as to the enthusiast of the "shimmy," except that it has been possible to point out that this lady has an advantage. For if she does not mind to have the flowing whiskers with the revived energy she may easily play football with the men and not anyone will know the truth.

o

THE last letter of which I have learned has been from a lady of sixty who has wished to be married to a *beau jeune homme*. She has the wealth, both in money and affection, but he has the good looks. She has had the desire to be something more than the *bourse*. This case has been rather difficult to resolve. It is hard to have to discourage in *affaires de cœur*. I understand it has been accomplished with much *délicatesse*.

o

AND so I trust the Professor will forgive me for having imagined what may have been the nature of his most interesting correspondence.

ROLAND

"Lady of sixty who was in love with a *beau jeune homme*"

BY WILMOT LUNT

AFFABLE CLERGYMAN *(to little boy)*: "Who's got nice, round chubby legs?"
LITTLE BOY: "Mummy!"

One of the Many Loves of "The Great Lover"

Photograph *Rita Martin*

MISS JULIA JAMES

Who has been acting for some time past with great distinction as Ethel Warren in this really great play at the Shaftesbury Theatre

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

POLLY WITH A PAST AT ST JAMES'

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL.

MISS EDNA BEST is a versatile actress, and in her latest part she gives a quite remarkable display of ability. She is supported by a distinguished company, but you are conscious all the while that she is easily the centre of the picture. When she first appears in this play she is just Polly Shannon, a dainty and well-spoken housemaid in a flat occupied by two young business men named Clay Collum and Harry Richardson, of New York City, U.S.A. One day a letter comes addressed to Clay's partner. As it seems to be urgent Clay opens it; but he cannot read it because it is in French, and he has left his dictionary at the office. Then Polly, who happens to be busy with the dinner-tray, offers her services as translator; and to everybody's surprise she reads the French with a nice fluency. It so happens that the letter is not about business at all. On the contrary. It is an amorous epistle from a lady to the gentleman in question, asking him when he is going to give his wife the slip again so that they can have another friendly meeting. Of course, both Polly and ourselves were properly shocked at the mere idea of such a thing; but Polly translates faithfully and bravely till she comes to a line in which the lady refers, by way of a reminder, to the time when "*j'ai mordu tes chères oreilles.*" Polly thinks she ought not to translate that, and she is excused accordingly. In any case, you would not render the

(Continued on page 640)

WHAT IT FEELS LIKE WHEN YOU HAVE

BY FLEMING WILLIAMS

C A SMALL HOLE IN YOUR STOCKING

phrase as "ear-biting," as we understand the term in Fleet Street.

SOME explanation is then due from Polly as to how she comes to have such nice manners and to speak French so well. It transpires that she is the daughter of a clergyman who died in poor circumstances, and she has taken to domestic service as the only way in which she can earn money honestly. She aspires to work her way to Paris, where she hopes the quality of her voice will justify her being trained as a singer. Her employers applaud her proper ambition, and at once offer to send her to Paris at their own expense; but her independence is sacred to her, and she will not hear of such a thing. Besides—*Timeo Danaos!* We then come to Rex Van Zile (Mr. Donald Calthrop), a shy young man of large means, who aspires to the hand of a domineering young lady named Myrtle Davis (Miss Alice Moffat). From what we see of the young lady it would appear that Rex is simply trying recklessly to enlist in the noble army of the henpecked. For Myrtle, although a very charming girl, has a bee in her bonnet. Her hobby in life is to reform people. At the present time everybody seems to be consumed by a fierce yearning to leave his neighbours a little better than he found them, as the reformers put it. Myrtle does actually "reform" a chronic inebriate with such success that, on one occasion at least, he cannot decide for himself whether he is drunk or sober. This part, that of a submerged person named Stiles, is a most diverting and able piece of character acting by Mr. Arthur Hatherton.

REX VAN ZILE calls at the flat, and, in the absence of his two young friends, takes Polly into his confidence while she is in course of laying the table for dinner. She is, of course, respectfully sympathetic, and Rex is grateful to her for her encouragement. When his young friends come back Rex admits to them plaintively that Myrtle is so busy reforming people that she does not seem able to find the time to sit down and hold hands with him, which, I am told, is what orthodox lovers are expected to do for at least one hour per *diem*. He appeals to the company for help; and the obvious solution comes to one of them as a brain-wave. Rex has only got to become an object for

reforming influences, and he can practically rely on having the personal attention of Myrtle to his own sad case exclusively. He should pretend to have become involved in an affair with some designing female who is bent on dragging him to his ruin. Myrtle would have more reasons than one for being on the spot in such a distressing case as that. The difficulty the young men have is that it is not easy to find a designing female with a lurid past at a moment's notice. As a last resort they appeal to Polly to play the part; and after much hesitation she consents. Of course, for the moment it seems absurd that a demure and correct little creature like Polly can be metamorphosed, as it were, by a touch of a fairy wand into a kind of ruthless vampire; but that is the surprise Miss Best is keeping in reserve for us.

IN the second act Polly appears dressed in the height of fashion with a lap dog and a foreign accent, and gets herself pointed out as an adventuress of the finest and ripest class. To account for Rex's acquaintance with such a lady, it is given out that he rescued her most gallantly from drowning when she was out bathing in a dress that, we gather from her description, spoke for itself. Rex's people receive the adventuress with a natural show of hesitation; and one of the ladies asks her a little nervously if she recalled all her past sins as she was going down for the third time. She replies that she was not in the water long enough for a comprehensive survey of that kind. About this time it becomes clear that Rex is not at all so keen an admirer of Myrtle Davis as he has hitherto been. I mean, when your young man locks you in the telephone-room so that he may have an uninterrupted chat with another girl, and when he sends you to your car and says he will join you in a minute and never comes near you after that, you will, it seems to me, be justified in concluding that he is suffering from something very like cold feet. However, most people will doubtless be going to see this amusing play for themselves, and it is not for me to obtrude my personal views on such a subject where they may be unwelcome.

UNFORTUNATELY, the story is spun out to its romantic conclusion by situations that seems unnecessarily farcical. In the first act Mr. Calthrop is able to give to the part of Rex a distinct character touch; but he is obliged in the succeeding acts to lend himself to a number of the conventional tricks and posturings of farce which seem to be based on a rather uncomplimentary estimate of the intelligence of the audience. Those excellent actors, Mr. C. Aubrey Smith and Mr. Claud Rains, who appear for the first time in the piece just before the final curtain, are able to supply, as it were, thumbnail sketches of character of a rare and agreeable merit, but they come a little too late to restore the equilibrium. Miss Alice Moffat does all that is possible with the elusive part of Myrtle, but even she could not convince us that her engagement to Rex was an affair to be taken seriously. It was not a question of when he would break away, but how. Still it is Miss Edna Best's evening, and this dainty little lady is to be congratulated on a success which must be regarded as a clear landmark in her stage career. JINGLE

Spring

BY E. L. ROBERTS

An attempt to combine seasonable traditions with the practice of economy

COME, sing
Songs fair
And rare!
Love's king
In Spring—
Hence, Care!
Despair,
Take wing!

Ah me!
One vile
Thought chills
My glee—
This pile
Of bills!

SKETCHES BY ALBERT BAILEY

Things That Never Happen

OCCUR REGULARLY ON THIS PAGE

BY VICTOR HICKS

XMAS FALLS ON EASTER MONDAY

"Spreading Ourselves"

BY THE BYSTANDER IN EXTENDED OCCUPATION

IT is in times like these that a Bystander appreciates the advantages of his rôle in life. Not for him is it to join the throng of zealous young officers, dazzled with visions of a civil staff captain's brassard, who besiege the sanctums of "A" branch, murmuring frantically, "*ich habe, du hast, er hat*" like an *Abracadabra*, which shall make their visions reality. Not for him is it to pursue harassed "F.O." people, making noises like a Compleat Customs Controller. Nor is it his part to rush through huge orders for Düsseldorf shopkeepers in a Rhineside factory for chaste views of the *Königsallee* superscribed "*Souvenir de l'Occupation*." Best of all, he needs not at all to bother his head, on the one hand, to decide what will make Germany pay, or on the other, what evils are less than that of having to foot the bill. His happy part is it to stand by and observe.

IN pursuance of this heavy task he has observed for some years the character of the Rhinelander. It is an easy going, comfortable one, as many thousands of Britishers have discovered. A number of people who are too busy to stand by and observe, have told us, arguing from the particular to the general, that as soon as Germany realised that the "Sanctions" were meant, we should see a repetition of the collapsed bluff of refusing to sign the Peace Treaty in 1919. They were wrong, as we see—as were also those who told us that Germany was only playing for a division amongst the Allies. There is no real similarity between the German bluff of 1919, and the German determination of to-day.

Photograph *Sport and General*

ENFORCING THE TREATY

General Morland and General Gauchez, the Commanders of the British and French forces on the Rhine, at Düsseldorf, making a tour of inspection

THE Rhinelander is quite prepared to suffer. Since the foundation of Colonia Aggripinensis in 58 B.C., it has been his constant lot to entertain uninvited—and armed—guests. Romans, Huns, Goths, French, Austrians, and Russians (in many farmhouses signs of the damage done by the Cossacks barely a century ago are pointed out with a quaint pride), all have had their turn at him. He is inured to the presence of hostile troops. And if the Rhinelander is prepared to suffer, still more is Germany as a whole prepared, with a stoicism and indifference equal to his own, to let him.

WILL Germany, as a whole, suffer? Certainly—but whether to such an extent as to make her willing to acknowledge her debt as calculated by us is another question. Düsseldorf has fallen to the Allied tanks, aeroplanes, Hussars, and infantry—aided by the British Navy of the Rhine—with no more casualties than certain damage to paintwork caused to the last-named, but *not* by a volley of rifle-shots fired by Düsseldorfers. Unfortunately, Düsseldorf is not synonymous with hard cash—and Britain wants the latter.

ERIC GORDON

DEDUCTION IS CLOSELY ALLIED TO OBSERVATION

One of Captain Bairnsfather's series now running in the *Daily Graphic*

Our Peace-Time Air Force

BY LIEUT. COL. E. G. O. BEUTTLER

A LITTLE HITCH WITH THE "HUCKS STARTER" AT FORT GRANGE

The Prince as a Horseman

By "Bow Window"

A PERSONAL HUNTING-FIELD IMPRESSION

At a time when there was much speculation on the matter, THE BYSTANDER had the privilege of being the first paper to announce that the Prince of Wales would be seen riding his own horse "between the flags" during the present jumping season. As I foreshadowed, our Prince made his racing *début* at a point-to-point—his own old regiment (the Grenadiers') point-to-point, to be precise.

While in the prophetic mood it may interest readers of these occasional notes of mine to learn that H.R.H. has also decided to play polo next season. Major Vivian Lockett (the All-England polo captain) is looking out for one or two useful ponies for him, and the Prince hopes to make a start as soon as the practice games begin at the London clubs. I shall hope to give more details about Royal polo plans in a subsequent article.

In the meanwhile I am going to venture a few first-hand notes on the Prince as a horseman. These notes are based on observation of H.R.H. in the hunting field, and for that reason, if for no other, may be worth some slight attention. After all, there is no better way of judging a man's riding ability than to be taking the fences with him stride for stride. The fellow who leans over Tattersall's rails or sits under a shady tree at Hurlingham may notice a lot, but for an opinion on a man as a horseman give me the chap who has to do the same job himself.

First let me say, what most of the world knows already, that the Prince on a horse has the heart of a lion. It takes a good-hearted rider to be thrown at the second fence in his first point-to-point, get up again, and finish third. I warrant the Prince will put his head down and go into the game with a will when he has a polo stick in his hand. Out hunting the Prince takes the obstacles as they come with amazing light-heartedness. On the particular day on which these notes are based, among the field there was one of the best-known men to hounds in the United Kingdom. I fancy he was supposed to be somewhat in the position of a pilot to the Prince, to whom country and hounds were strange. However, the Prince did not appear to need a pilot, and the only time I saw the two together it was the Prince who was giving the other one the lead.

H.R.H. appears to have learnt a good deal about hound-work in his two post-War seasons. He is very quick at getting away, and has a natural *flair* for taking the right line. Men with far longer hunting experience than himself are slower at starting and less confident of direction when hounds are running. He is the sort that many people would pick out to follow if they did not know a country and wanted to see a hunt. They would need blood and quality under them, if they were going to follow the Prince, all the same, as he rides remarkably good horses.

The Prince of Wales would be the last person to say that he is a fully experienced horseman. But he is improving rapidly every week, and is unrecognisable from the light-hearted undergraduate who used to come out from Oxford to hunt with the Bicester in pre-War days. He rides firmly at his fences, and leaves his horse's head alone, which is as much as most of us ever hope to do.

He observes hunting etiquette scrupulously, and some of the young gentlemen who have taken to hunting for the first time since the War have plenty to learn from him. Though always in the first flight, I never once saw him override hounds, and twice in scrambles at wicket-gates it was the Prince who first noticed the Master and reined back to let him through.

British sportsmen are a democratic lot. Nowhere more than in the hunting-field does one man consider himself as good as another. The farmer's son, on his shaggy-coated four-year-old, isn't going to pull out from a fence because my lord, in his swallow-tails and leathers, has his eye on a particular place. It is first come first served. And it is in this spirit that the Prince has entered the game. What endears him to all true sportsmen is that H.R.H. himself is generally "the *first-comer*."

God's Cathedral

Photograph *Horace W. Nicholls*

Not far from the Premier's new residence, "Chequers," is this beautiful spot known as Finches Avenue. It has the appearance of the nave of a great cathedral at whose altar worshippers of Nature may find complete and restful solace—even politicians from publicity

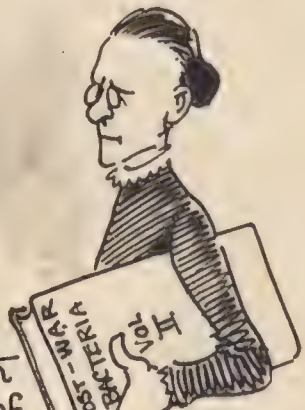
Perfectly Absurd! And Yet—

If this man *will* marry this →

Miss Dolores Garcia
lead in "The Barcelona Girl"

And this —— this →

Major the Hon Marcus De Twiddle
M.C.



Miss A. Smith
President of
the girls affiliated Philosophic Society

And this —— that →

Lord Spenthrift-hall
Aged 85

Miss Pansy De-Light
who has played "lead" in
"Wet Shampoo" 3000 times
aged 19

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

IT'S NO WONDER MR. JUSTICE HORRIDGE IS DOING OVERTIME

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE." *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *March 21*

DEAR COUSIN—

'S a lovely time, Easter-time, what? When the year's just beginning to emerge from its chrysalis of winter, to throw off its black and chilly mourning, and don the budding blazonry of spring that melts so imperceptibly into the shimmering riot of warmth and colour which is summer.

卐 卐

A TIME of promise and of hope. Everywhere everything is beginning to bud and sprout, the world has reawakened:

All suddenly the wind comes soft,
And spring is here again,

and we feel once more as if we could face anything or do anything or go anywhere. Brave thoughts of achievement, that in the black winter had died down almost to nothingness, rise again into strength and vigour. Tender thoughts of love and romance and ideals, which the cold hard iciness of the dark months had well-nigh suppressed, are stirred to fresh life and blossom into a near and possible reality.

"Everything everywhere beginning to bud and sprout"

卐 卐

LENT is past, and with it the grey days of the new born year that seemed so devoid of life or hope. Even in this early Eastertime of 1921 that comes upon us this week as ever is, we've already well turned the corner. The lilacs, the apple and pear trees are budding like mad; the rose trees are revelling in fresh green curly leaves; the very privets, most *bourgeois* of bushes, have little tender green shoots to show, in welcome of the new era, the annual *renaissance* whose marvellous miracle never stales.

卐 卐

AND it's holiday-time, too. . . . No use trying to resist the subtle influence of *that*, combined with all the other penetrating and all-pervading, however soft and impalpable, magic of the re-birth of the world and all that therein is. Holidays, after all, even if you spend them at home, are such oases in the desert of life, so to speak. Calms in the midst of the storm of work and worry, when for once you have time and leisure to look round and contemplate the world coolly and dispassionately and independently—even if you prefer to spend them in golf or lawn tennis or other activities that keep you just as much absorbed and on edge as any of the workaday business of the workaday world.

WHEN once Easter has arrived, summer is at hand—and, indeed, it's only ten days or so now (think of it!) to the official summer time, when our days will lengthen themselves by a whole hour and the sun won't officially set till very nearly dinner-time! And to think that that great and noble benefactor, Mr. William Willett, was once regarded as something very like a crank, if not quite. . . .

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SEEMS it's going to be a record Easter—only we've heard that so often before. But, really and truly, all the seaside places anywhere within reach of London do appear to have been booked up with rather a surprising amount of visitors, and as they're running proper excursion tickets and things on the railways for the first time since 1914, p'raps it's no wonder, when you come to think of it. Single fares for double journeys, they say—which'll make it almost as cheap as the pre-war ordinary charges, won't it?

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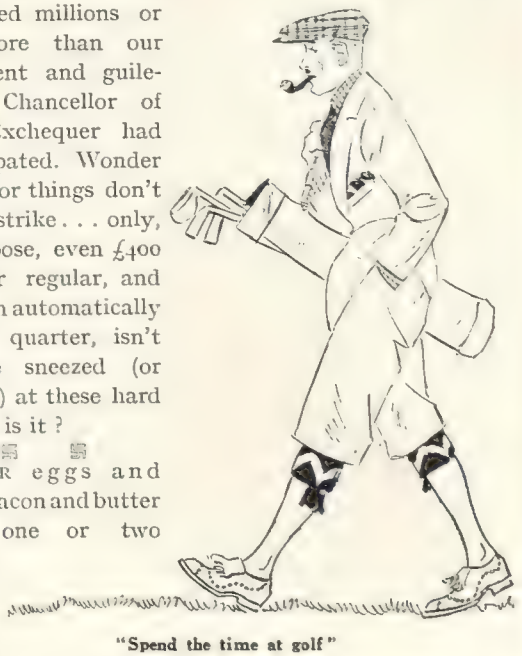
BUT M.P.s, it seems, aren't likely to have any Easter holiday this year at all—isn't it frightful? Such a fearful lot of business to be got through, including a Budget which will be (so the prophets say) just a little hundred millions or so more than our excellent and guileless Chancellor of the Exchequer had anticipated. Wonder the poor things don't go on strike . . . only, I suppose, even £400 a year regular, and paid in automatically every quarter, isn't to be sneezed (or struck) at these hard times, is it?



"Spend the time at golf"

卐 卐

OUR eggs and bacon and butter and one or two

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

other things are going to cost us less, apparently, in the immediate future, but otherwise can't say the prospect paints itself in very alluring colours. The latest trade returns, they tell us, are alarming, and reveal the extreme seriousness of the industrial and commercial outlook, which may materialise in the gravest crisis in our commercial history. . . . In the coal industry the situation is grave. . . . While as to the general reduction of wages and staffs in trade enterprises generally, it would seem to come under the heading, as Mr. George Graves would say, of a dirty business.

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BUT are we downhearted? Never—especially if we backed the winner of last week's Grand National, as some of us (I won't say who) did happen to do. Just the loveliest thing in all the world must say, *I* think, to win money racing, especially when the odds are long enough. Beautiful big cheques coming in and no horrid tiresome work to do for 'em. No one suffers, either, like when millionaires make their millions, 'cos *they* couldn't do it, could they, without grinding the faces of the poor, and all that sort of thing? But who could be sorry for a bookie, however heavy the sum he has to hand over? Always wins in the long run, anyway, doesn't he?

"Just a few millions or so"

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AND oh! the joy of collecting a little pile of Bradburys that you feel you haven't really earned! Every one of them looks like a little bit of magic, and you hardly like to spend them—but you do. And even if you lose, almost think you've had your money's worth in all the excitement and anticipation of it . . . watching *your* horse being saddled and *your* jockey parading round the paddock, and all the rest of it. Really do rather agree, having (yes, I admit it) had *rather* a pleasing experience of racing just lately, with whoever called it the sport of kings. For it *is* kingly, after all, isn't it? and queenly, too, I suppose—drawing good gold from someone's exchequer in a perfectly royal and gentlemanlike or ladylike manner, without doing a hand's turn, as they say, for it, what?

"Backed a winner"

卐 卐

THOUGH, as a matter of fact, *on dit* people aren't betting half so heavily as they used to—and no wonder, either, with prices of everything getting so high that even some of our hunts are in danger of being abolished because of the expense of keeping them up. And not only the "luxury" sports imperilled either. With rackets at three guineas and more apiece, even such a "poor man's game" as lawn tennis is beginning, say the pessimists, to be in some considerable danger.

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BUT somehow, from somewhere, the money always seems to be forthcoming. New dance features, for instance, keep on being started, and find, apparently, no lack of support. Afternoon dances at the Savoy are among the very latest, with a couple of orchestras to keep the ball rolling continuously, while at Ciro's they've just put on an exhibition dancer from Paris to add to the attractions of the excellent floor *and* dinner there provided. And though, for a change, there was only one first night last week, the theatres have recovered, most of them, from the recent slump, and are once more getting good houses, if not exactly the bumper ones of the pre-financial-crisis days.

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AND London's busy re-decorating and re-painting itself, as well as buying new clothes and hats and things to face the March sunshine with—must keep pace with the seasons, mustn't we, even if ruin stares us right straight between the eyes?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

ALREADY there is great activity on the river in anticipation of what promises to be a record summer. Apparently, there will be this year more music than ever on the Thames; indeed, gramophones are being built into the bows of canoes, so that the deck gramophone which got in everyone's way will be a thing of the past. The originator of the gramophone canoe is Mr. A. R. T. Cotton, a Cambridge man, who has a whole string of inventions to his credit. Although he is only twenty-two, he has had a record of five years' service at the Admiralty, where he worked on the hydrophone used for detecting the presence of U-boats, and this led him to study the whole theory of sound recording.

American President's Inauguration

THE OLD AND THE NEW

President Harding and ex-President Wilson leaving White House for the inaugural ceremonies

THE NEW PRESIDENT

And Mrs. Harding arriving at the White House after the inaugural ceremonies

Photographs *Topical Press*

ONLY A SMALL SECTION OF THE CROWD

That listened to President Harding's address at the recent election at Washington

SPORTS and PASTIMES

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

HURLED INTO TOUCH

An incident in the Inter-Hospital Rugby Cup Final at Richmond last Wednesday between Guy's and Bart's which affords a good illustration of the whole-heartedness] for which Hospitals "Rugger" is famous. Guy's (the holders) were the more fancied team, but they only won after a desperate struggle by a try to nil

RUGBY FOOTBALL

Too Many Penalties

In our issue of March 9 I expressed the opinion that there must be something wrong with present-day Rugby football because penalty-kicks are, apparently, becoming more and more numerous. My contention was rather strikingly borne out by what happened in a recent match between two famous clubs. In the course of it the winners were penalised no fewer than fourteen times, whereas the losers, to the best of my recollection, were only penalised once. This means that the winning side, in the opinion of the referee, wilfully broke the laws of the game on an average once in about every five minutes.

"Wilful" Infringements

We all know that it is very difficult indeed for a referee to distinguish on the spur of the moment between breaches of the law which are wilful in the sense that they are committed deliberately and those which are due to excitement, clumsiness, forgetfulness—anything, in short, but a deliberate intention to evade the law. But since a referee cannot (as an eminent lawyer once put it) "delve into the mind" of the offender, he must of necessity assume that his act is wilful unless there is clear evidence to the contrary. A half-back, let us say, sees that in a scrummage the enemy forwards have got the ball. He assumes that they are going to heel it out to *their* half-back, and, accordingly, dashes forward and tackles him while the ball is still among the feet of the forwards. He is promptly, and rightly, penalised, for he had no right to act upon a mere assumption just because it might have turned out to be correct. He has got in front of the ball and has hampered a player who is not in possession of it, and must be deemed to have done so wilfully and with a deliberate intention of gaining an unfair advantage even though this may not actually be so.

Photograph *Central News*

OUR UBIQUITOUS PRINCE

H.R.H. The Prince of Wales in the ring at the National Sporting Club on the occasion of the London Police Boxing Championships which he attended after having ridden in the afternoon in the Brigade of Guards' Point-to-Point Steeplechases at Helmdon, in Northamptonshire. On the following day he was off to the Pytchley Hunt's Point-to-Point Meeting, and won the light-weight race on his horse, Rifle Grenade

Worth Risking

But when a side is penalised a dozen times or more in the course of a match you cannot get away from the conviction that it deliberately makes a practice of sailing as near to the wind as it can, and that it does so because it finds that from a match-winning point of view it pays. So often, in fact, does a penalty carry no real punishment with it that the risk of being penalised is worth taking.

What of the Future?

This, as I have pointed out before, is absolutely contrary to the spirit in which "Rugger" should be played, and unless something can be done to stop it the welfare of the game will be seriously jeopardised. It may, in fact, be necessary to have a code of rules so stringent as to compel people to "play the game."

(*Continued on page 654*)

Leading Lights of London's Scots

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

After a series of vicissitudes in the earlier part of the season, occasioned mainly by frequent changes in the personnel of the team which prevented them from getting together, the London Scottish Rugby Fifteen have done very much better during the last few weeks, and have been able to show that they can still hold their own in the strongest company. Their victory over Blackheath at the end of February was especially noteworthy. Our artist has depicted above in caricature some of the mainstays of the side

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)

Not a very nice idea where amateurs are concerned, but one which, it seems to me, will have to be contemplated. An alternative plan would be for those clubs who believe in playing "Rugger" as it ought to be played, and who attach more importance to clean football than to the winning of matches, to refuse to arrange fixtures with other clubs who are notoriously out to win at any price. This, again, would be a somewhat drastic step to take, but it would be a dignified, and probably effectual, way of making the transgressors see the error of their ways.

Photograph *Central News*

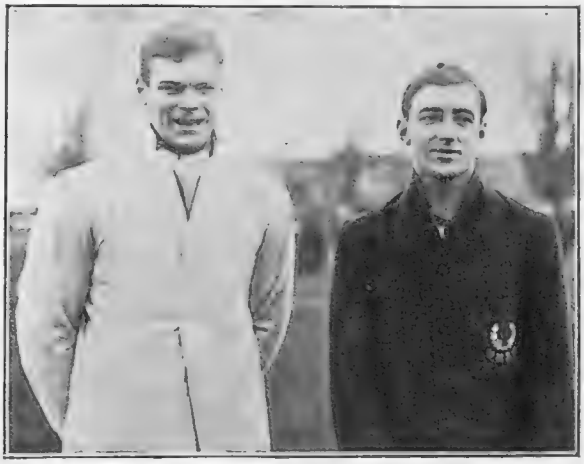
P. BRUGNON

The rising star in French lawn tennis, who played with distinction in the match between Paris and London on the Covered Courts at Dulwich last week

ROWING

The Lure of the Boat Race

JUST about this time, when the matter of the Boat Race is nearing final decision, the man in the street becomes suddenly and stupendously aquatic. He may never have handled an oar in his life; but for about a fortnight before the race, and for several days after it is over, he is a wet-bob, wetter than the wettest ever turned out by Eton, with the whole art and mystery of the sport—thanks mainly to a diligent perusal of the papers—at his finger's ends. He will talk to you learnedly about the catch at the beginning, or the leg drive, or about the necessity for holding the slide, without having the foggiest notion how it is done; he will tell you with bated breath that he has just heard from a reliable source that one of the Cambridge crew has had to have his blade shaved, and, from the pleasantly intimate manner in which he talks about "Bossy" Phelps, you might gather that he has been that great man's bosom pal for quite a long time. In fact, to put it quite shortly, he is gloriously, refreshingly—and, on the whole, very far from unintelligently—keen. Why?



Photograph *Sport & General*

THE RIVAL PRESIDENTS

G. M. Butler (Cambridge) and B. G. D. Rudd (Oxford) in the Inter-'Varsity Sports at Queen's Club on Saturday last

A National Festival

THERE are other big events in rowing besides the Boat Race—Henley for instance—but they do not intrigue him; it is doubtful whether the mention of the Wingfield Sculls would convey anything to him, and a discussion as to who is entitled to claim the professional sculling championship of the world, now that Ernest Barry has retired, would leave him absolutely cold. The reason is that the Boat Race is a National, and more particularly a London, festival, but this is a reason, not an explanation. The fact that it vies with the Derby, and may even be said to beat the Grand National or the Association Football Cup Final, in the appeal which it makes to the community at large is patent, but the why and wherefore of this is not easily accounted for.

The Why and the Wherefore

YOU cannot see the whole race unless you have a place upon one of the privileged craft that are allowed to follow it. But, conversely, anybody can see something of it from somewhere along the course, without having to pay anything for admission, and this may well be one of the chief reasons for the race's popularity. Then, again, there is its antiquity and the fact that many of its heroes have been great men in after life. But probably the reason which matters most is that the event is a thoroughly sporting one, as supreme a test as you can have of physical fitness and staying power in conjunction with skill. This is why the man in the street is a wet-bob for three weeks round about March in every year. He is a good judge.

H. S. S.

Photograph *Sport & General*

IF IT HAD BEEN A FLOATER —

Mr. A. E. Newbould, M.P., would have had less trouble in finding and fishing his ball out of a ditch on the course to the 9th hole at Ranelagh in the match between Ranelagh and the House of Commons, in which the legislators, who encountered many vicissitudes of the kind above depicted, were rather heavily beaten

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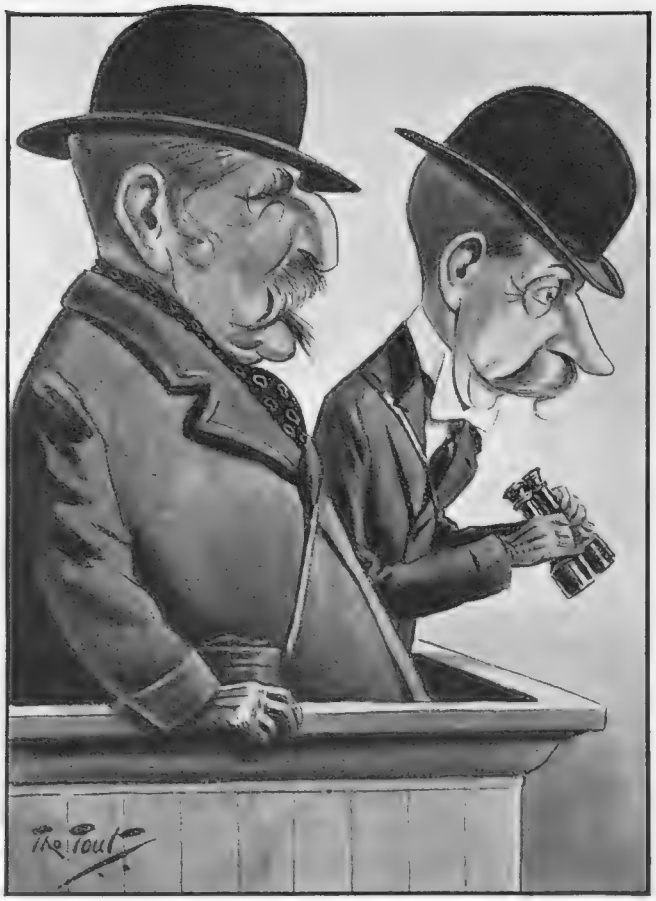

By "The Tout"

"BIG GUNS" AT LIVERPOOL

The Earl of Enniskillen (left) and the Earl of Sefton are prominent and popular figures at Aintree. Both are Stewards and keen followers of the great game

Racing Notions

BY "CARBINE"

Trespasser

IF there were only a jump or two in the course I should not bother to look beyond Mr. Heybourne's horse for the winner. We at least know that he is fit, and I have never seen him looking better. Please note that I am writing before the Liverpool meeting, where the running for the Spring Cup is quite likely to have an important bearing upon Kempton prospects; but I shall take a chance and go for **Trespasser.** As a second string I choose HUNT LAW.

The Derby Favourite

TRAINERS are now beginning to get to work with their best three-year-olds, and soon we shall be hearing a good deal about Classic prospects. The Derby looks agreeably open. Leighton is the favourite at 7 to 1, while Monarch, Humorist, and Granely are quoted on the same mark at 10 to 1. I am glad to be able to tell you that Leighton has progressed splendidly since we last saw him on the racecourse. I recently had the pleasure of looking over him at Seven Barrows, and I liked him immensely. He is not a big one, but is extraordinarily compact, and strides out with tremendous force.

Opening of the Season

THERE were plenty of draughts for backers at the opening of the Lincoln meeting. The shrill wind of the Carholme, so aptly anathematised by descriptive writers, was blowing its shrillest, and, to make matters worse, very few punters enjoyed the warmth which comes of backing the right horses. In brief, the bookies had the better of the opening bout, but your typical punter is nothing if not optimistic, and I hope by the end of the opening week the results will have levelled themselves up. After the bustle of Liverpool many regular racegoers will be on holiday this week, which is, fortunately, a quiet one. We shall be in the thick of it all again on Easter Monday, with its meetings on the flat in the South, North, and Midlands, and a plethora of National Hunt fixtures.

The Queen's Prize

THERE will be a pretty little Bank Holiday problem in the shape of the Queen's Prize at Kempton. While this mile and a half race calls for stamina, the course is sharp enough to put the mere plodders out of the reckoning. Such well-known public performers as Grandcourt, Silver Jug, and Holbeach are sure to come in for support. Mr. George Lambton ought to be able to put a formidable competitor into the field, seeing that he can choose between Redhead, Crevasse, and Melosah. The journey should suit Trespasser, who put up such a superb performance over hurdles at the Grand Military Meeting.

Leighton's Prospects

"HE will give the others a severe headache if he keeps well" is what his trainer says of the colt's prospects in the Derby. So now you know what they think of Leighton at Seven Barrows. Of course, much may happen between now and the Derby, and cautious folk will prefer to wait until seeing Mr. Whineray's colt in the Greenham Stakes at Newbury before backing him for the Derby. If he beats Monarch there he will probably become a 3 to 1 chance for the great Epsom race. My advice to you is to have a little on him at his present price. Except in the Greenham Stakes he will not have a great deal to do in public before he runs at Epsom.

Classic Colts

I HAVE had the report that Humorist has not wintered too satisfactorily, while Granely may easily be much over-rated. I like Alan Breck the best of the Newmarket lot. It is ridiculous to suppose that he was at his best when he ran so badly at Doncaster, and I prefer to judge him on his form in the summer, when he fairly and squarely beat Monarch on the July course. No doubt the Manton stable will once again produce a formidable competitor for the Derby. Lemonora and Trash are the best-known of Alec Taylor's string, but I fancy the trainer is very hopeful of Craig an Eran. You cannot give the latter a chance on his two-year-old performances, but he was a big, backward baby of a horse last season. Now he has all the makings of a Classic colt, but, of course, he has not been formally tried yet.

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"Always Imitated—Never Equalled."

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Amazing Figures.

"The largest figures are shown by advertising Commission Agents and the largest of all, I imagine, are those of Mr. Douglas Stuart. He it was who so extensively advertised 'Bracket' and 'Fancy Man' as Robin Goodfellow's Double. All this 'double money,' if there is no Cambridgeshire, must be returned."

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"Mr. Douglas Stuart's name stands for all that is best in the Racing World."

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AND TRAVELLER FOUNDED 1803

"Mr. Douglas Stuart has earned the reputation of being the greatest Turf Accountant in the World."

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"Mr. Douglas Stuart has been given the title of 'Double Event King.' He returned upwards of £100,000 over last year's Cambridgeshire, and it can be stated that not a single complaint has been received from any of our readers who do business with him."

The Sporting Life.

"Mr. Douglas Stuart's rules are eminently just and fair, and not once in the course of many years have we had a single justifiable complaint against Mr. Douglas Stuart or his methods of business."

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(Member of ALL Principal Sporting Clubs)

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PLACE BETTING

When Favourite Starts "Odd on" and

LOST TELEGRAMS PAID IN FULL

Clients attending Race-courses may wire instructions up to the "OFF"

Write to-day and open a

CREDIT ACCOUNT

SPORTING TIMES.

"It has evidently been overlooked that legally speaking a bookmaker would be quite within his rights in suing a backer for the return of winnings he had paid him. It is pleasing to record that Mr. Douglas Stuart gives each of his clients a declaration in writing guaranteeing that under no circumstances will he take advantage of the above-mentioned rule, and we therefore have no hesitation in recommending our readers to open an account with this up-to-date and sportsmanlike firm."

JOHN BULL.

"Douglas Stuart is as safe as the Bank of England."

The TATLER

"In looking for the right sort of Turf Accountant, I should select Douglas Stuart."

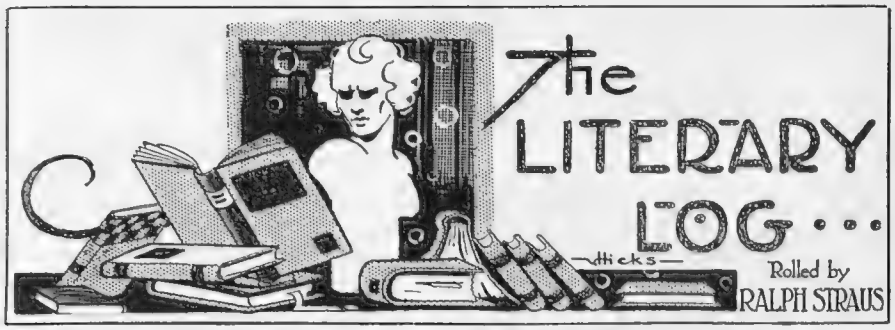
The Sportsman.

"Mr. Douglas Stuart is a pioneer and introducer of new ideas. Besides, he has owned a good horse or two and the public like to see his colours in front. It is permissible to state that no horses have run more straightforwardly or more consistently than the horses owned by Mr. Douglas Stuart."

THE ILLUSTRATED

Sporting and Dramatic News.

"I strongly recommend my readers to entrust their future business with the exceedingly enterprising, liberal and reliable Turf Agency conducted by Mr. Douglas Stuart."



By this time, I suppose, almost as much as Mr. Arnold Bennett has written himself has been written about him. He has been called all sorts of names, some agreeable, others—not quite. His books are of all sorts and sizes. Occasionally he soars very high in a magic 'plane; sometimes he makes use of a tank. But if he does keep to the ground his movements, like a tank's, are peculiar to himself. And so, in such a pot-pourri as *Things That Have Interested Me* (Chatto and Windus: 9*s.* net), you may not know what to expect, but will be prepared to be interested in everything about which he may have chosen to write. This new book of his covers a very wide ground, at times very quickly as though there was no use in describing the scenery, at others very slowly, as if to suggest that the scenery might be rather more interesting than the destination itself. By far the most appealing chapters are those which are frankly autobiographical; but even when a phrase casually overheard or a trivial affair which might come everybody's way is recorded in no more than a sentence or two, Mr. Bennett never ceases to be entertaining.

❀ ❀

You may remember last year reading in *Punch* of a certain Elizabeth, maid-of-all-work, who broke a pair of valuable China vases and showed her contrition by purchasing two new ones at a shop round the corner, beautifully new, they were, and of even greater bulk than those which had "come in two" in her hands. This Elizabeth was obviously a personality, and Florence Kilpatrick, her discoverer, was right in thinking that we might like to have further details of her hectic career. *Our Elizabeth* (Thornton Butterworth: 3*s.* 6*d.* net) is very good fun. The young woman in question is, perhaps, too familiar with her mistress and her mistress's friends, but she has a heart of something like gold. It is she who "arranges" the marriage of Marion and William in her own Elizabethan way, and in depicting her activities Mrs. Kilpatrick shows herself to possess an amusing pen. Elizabeth's methods may not be new, and Heaven forfend that they ever be copied—but they make jolly reading, and doubtless we shall hear of her again.

❀ ❀

Mr. Michael Sadleir's earlier work has escaped me, but his *Privilege; A Novel of the Transition* (Constable: 9*s.* net) makes me wish that it had come my way; for, without being an epoch-making book, in the sense that all the world and its children must read it before understanding their fellows, *Privilege* has crystallised out fairly enough (though a tiny bias, I fancy, shows now and again) the Great Social Change we are witnessing to-day. It is the sad, yet never dismal story of the fall of the House of Whern. Go into any old country church to-day and see the Arms on the walls—of father and son and grandson and so on—and ask what has happened to the family. As often as not, you will be told that a new family is installed at the Hall, and the name in the church, may be, survives only in some topographical way. That, more or less, is the story which Mr. Sadlier sets out to tell.

❀ ❀

Time was when the House of Whern was powerful and rich. Time was when privilege was accorded in return for duty given unquestioningly to the State. But what if this privilege be demanded, and no, or insufficient, return be made? There were good Wherns and bad. When the bad ones reigned things looked black, and even when a good one came the luck was against him. The world, it seems, has finished with Wherns. Mr. Sadleir, in a beautiful book, writes their epitaph. And yet—has he written without any bias? His readers must judge, and even if they prefer to leave the question unanswered, they will allow that he has written this epitaph well.

R. S.

By Harry Woolley

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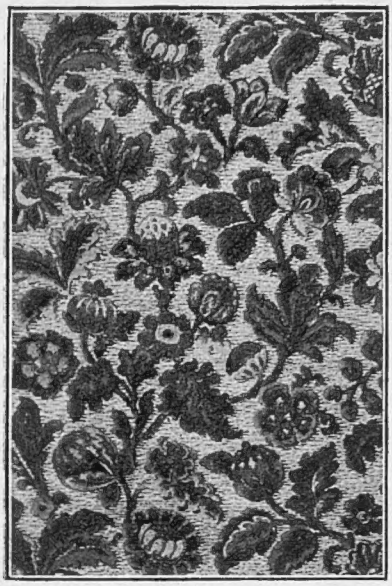

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Ladies' 10½-in. high fine Black Glace Kid Balmoral Boot. Patent Cap, high Cuban Heel

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Supplied in rolls of 50 yards.

Obtainable through any Ironmonger.

MOTOR-NOTES

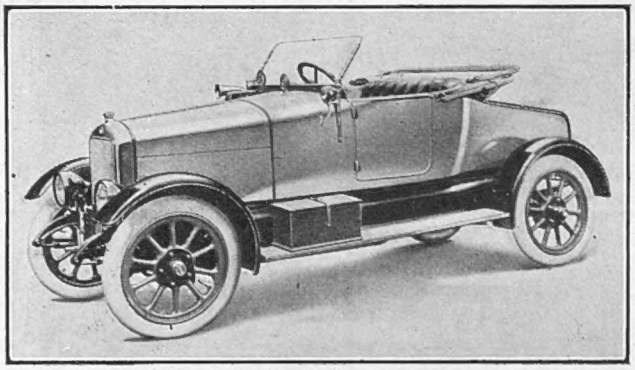
"Up she goes, down she goes, everybody stares," sang Miss Edith Day in *Irene*, and well they might stare in regard to the fluctuation of motor-car prices to-day. How thankful we all shall be when all the surplus stock is out of the hands of the makers and dealers, and can definitely know one's car is worth so much in place of a very uncertain value. 'Pon my word I think the Hillman style of reduced prices is the best. The actual cost of this model has not been altered, but all purchasers get free insurance against fire, accidents, and third party risks for a year, and a definite guarantee against mechanical breakdown for a year and a week—a sort of guinea year.

***

Moreover should the car break down the Company pay the expenses of hiring a car at the rate of £1 per day for thirty days as well as making the necessary repairs. Of course, the firm don't expect to have much to shell out on the time-cum-repair stunt as the Hillman is such a reliable little 'bus, speedy as she is, but it does certainly comfort one to know that one is not going to be car-less just when most probably it is most wanted.

***

I notice that the Hillman won the inter-'Varsity motor competition with its wonderful fast turning engine at Aston Hill, so starts this season's competitions as the victor in purely amateur hands. I don't think a higher tribute to its efficiency could be paid, and when you come to think of it, £530 for the two-seater with its double dickey seat is very reasonable.



THE HILLMAN TWO-SEATER
An 11 h.p. Hillman two-seater, which has the advantage of a double dickey seat

Writing on car prices reminds me that the present reduced—absolutely the last reduction—cost of the Vauxhall makes them wonderful good bargains. Just fancy being able to get a four-seater touring Vauxhall with its 30-98 h.p. engine completely ready for the road for £1,300, and the five-seater 25 h.p. Vauxhall for £1,100. This is a reduction of £275 for the big one and £350 off the 25 h.p. No wonder this firm state this is the rock-bottom price, and that the only reason for this drastic lowering of price is that their stock for immediate delivery is too high, so they are cutting their losses and giving their customers the benefit. And a jolly good benefit, too, when one considers this is something like £600 less than the figure asked in 1918.

***

I should think they will sell like hot cakes at these figures, for the cars are as good as ever they were, and that standard is high. I hope they will, too, because there seems far too few good high-powered four-cylinder cars in our British-made market, and Vauxhalls have practically got this all to themselves.

(*Continued on page 662*)

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND St LONDON W

Incognito

STABILIZING PRICES

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

Optimism is a virtue to be cultivated. And my optimism lies in the policy of Truth. This unsterilised instrument is the only clean weapon to be used in commerce, politics, love, war, or peace.

In commerce I believe in taking the public into my confidence. Therefore I will state my policy for 1921.

Trade is precarious and unemployment rampant because we cannot trade internationally until the foreign rates of exchange are stabilized, and we cannot trade to any extent internally until the fluctuating markets have reached a fixed level.

That is why I have determined, irrespective of profit or loss, to stabilize the price of West-End Lounge Suits.

To arrive at the irreducible minimum for 1921 it is essential that the public should realise that West-End tailoring labour is double, and the cost of materials is treble that of pre-war. These are facts.

I have fixed my minimum for Lounge Suits at Ten Guineas. At this figure there will be little personal profit to me. This is a fact known by my Chartered Accountants now, and one which will be known by the Inland Revenue later.

At this minimum figure of ten guineas, a comprehensive selection of first quality materials will be offered, and the more expensive worsteds and cashmeres will be sold at twelve to fourteen guineas.

To relieve any uncertainty that may exist, I make the deliberate statement that it will be utterly impossible under any circumstances to produce below these quotations during the ensuing year.

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The best workmanship in Sheffield and the finest steel in England is used in the Kropp. It never requires re-grinding and if stropped on the special Kropp strop it will last for a lifetime. See that "Kropp" is on the blade. Scrap the lot—Buy a Kropp.

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ELECTRIC GRAMOPHONE MOTOR

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TEA FROCKS FOR EASTER

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"AVRIL."

Useful **TEA FROCK** in good quality crepe de Chine, loose cross-over bodice and new skirt with hip pieces forming a single cascade, a velvet Camellia in contrasting colour making a pretty finish at the waist. In all the newest colours and black.

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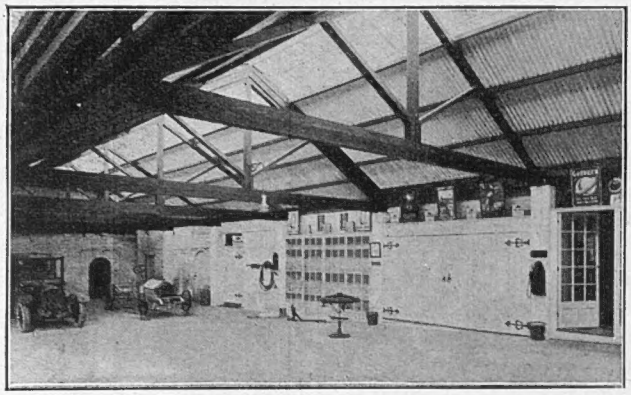
MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

LAST week I was loaned a nice handy little car built at Sheffield, the 10 h.p. Charron-Laycock. A nice roomy two-seater body, excellent shut down dickey, plenty of room for my long legs, adjustable rake of steering column, adjustable pedals, in fact, a very nicely thought out job all round. The steering is very light, and the gear changing no trouble and wants no double clutching either up or down. I intend to recommend it, especially to my lady driving friends as well as to the male sex, because it is just the sort of little car that they can manage without any trouble of any sort.

* * *

I THINK its most comfortable speeds range from 25 to 35 miles an hour which is quite fast enough, though it can be pushed a bit more than that. The C.A.V. lighting and starting set was all O.K., while the fuel consumed gives about 30 miles or more per gallon. The coachwork is well finished, and though the aluminium bright bonnet rather frightened me, for I hate having to do much polishing, I found out it managed to keep clean and bright without our extra labour.

MOTORISTS who want cars to-day are lucky folk for never had they so wide a choice of really good, dependable machines. This time last year I could only get Yanks to try, but now you can get real British cars of all sorts and all sizes. What is more I don't think there is really a bad one on the market. Perhaps that is why my old friend, S. F. Edge, finds that breeding pigs and teaching pupils how to do it does not altogether satisfy his burning energy. Anyway, he has joined the directorate of the firm making the A.C. cars at Thames Ditton, where they are turning out twenty-five of these 10 h.p. vehicles each week and selling them, too. A visit to the works revealed how it's done by strict attention to business, and making bodies and all on the spot so no waiting about to finish the job. What struck me most was the four-seater A. C. car, which is provided with a longer frame than the two-seater, and really provides room for four people in comfort, especially if one out of the four is not too long in the legs.



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* * *

THE three others may be as tall as the man in the Fair, but it is just as well for one to be on the shorter side for real comfort. But this four-seater A. C. is the only small car that I have sat in that really is suitable for so many passengers. There is another point about the A. C. cars, either two or four seater, which is different to its rivals. This is in the auxiliary spring or rather leaf in each of the back springs which only comes into action when passengers are carried in the dickey seat of the two-seater or Coupé model, or the back seat of the four-seater. The result is that it stiffens the back springs and overcomes the excessive reflex action by shortening the fulcrum, so one rides in equal comfort whether the load is light or heavy.

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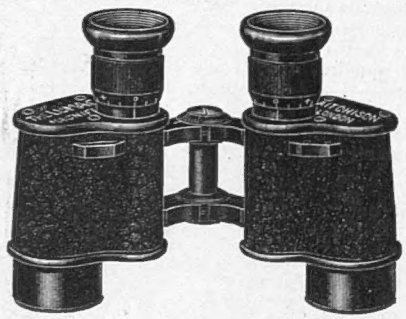

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